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**BARDSTOWN HERALD.**

J. D. NOURSE, Editor.

Devoted to Politics, Literature, Science, Commerce and News.

J. L. W. ELLIS, Publisher.

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We hope that the above will be plain enough to be understood by all—and that all who advertise will act in accordance with our requirements, instead of trying for hours to lower our prices. The Foreman of the Office has no time to spend in bargaining. This is to do respect to persons we have no disposition to do work cheaper for a close-fisted customer than for our liberal patrons, who are willing to let Printers live.

The Herald has an extensive circulation, and business men will find it advantageous to make use of its columns as a means of communicating with the public generally.

## CASH.

Since we have enlarged the BARDSTOWN HERALD our expenses have been considerably increased; we are therefore compelled to adopt the CASH SYSTEM. Our object in doing this is to enable us to meet promptly the demands on us for CASH for Paper, Ink, Labor, Office-rent &c., &c. Could we collect as we go, it would be better for us as well as for our customers. From those who advertise yearly we expect payments quarterly.

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## THE

## FOREST KNIGHTS

OR

Early Times in Kentucky.

BY J. D. NOURSE.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Philip Beaufort was on his way to Kentucky at the very time Mary supposed him to be utterly oblivious of the vows which they had exchanged. On his return from the north, he took a journey into the upper part of the State for the express purpose of seeing her and learning from her own lips why she had not answered his letters. Arriving in the neighborhood where Mr. Moseby had lately resided, it was with a pang that he heard of Mary's recent departure to the West. He returned home, determined to reconcile himself to what he had discovered to be the wish of his father, who, ever since the great change in the worldly condition of the young lady, had been opposed to a connection which he had once looked upon with favor. Beaufort might have made up his mind to an eternal separation from Mary and bestowed his regard on some other fair one, had it not been for a discovery which he made soon after his return from the upper country.

It happened that the letters he had written to Mary before his entrance into the army, he had delivered to a favorite negro boy, who had directions to take them to a post office in a neighboring village. This boy was taken dangerously sick, and supposing himself about to die, sent word to his young master that he had something on his mind which he wanted to tell him. Philip went to his quarter, and as soon as they were left alone, the poor fellow after making Philip promise not to tell his old master, proceeded to make a disclosure which at first put the young man in a violent rage, to be speedily succeeded by self-reproach and distress.

His father, after he had heard that Mr. Shelburne was a bankrupt, and had entered the British service, directed this boy who was the body servant of Philip, to bring all the letters of his young master to him. This rendered clear some things in the conduct of his father, as well as occasional expressions which at the time had suggested no definite suspicions, and Philip became satisfied that none of his letters had ever reached his betrothed.

His indignation at this discovery, which overpowered for a time the love and respect in which he had never been wanting towards his sole surviving parent, was soon merged in far more powerful emotions. When he thought of her whose affections he had won, bereaved, afflicted, hiding her sorrows, to which his apparent neglect had perhaps given a keener sting, in a wilderness where she was exposed to every kind of peril and hardship, he was almost frantic. What must she think of him, who, while she was in the sunshine of prosperity and splendor, had drawn from her a confession of that love which he seemed to cast away as worthless when poverty and distress had come upon her, thus adding to the inflictions of Providence another and perhaps still deeper wound.

He would fly to her, though his path should be beset with horrors at every step; he would fall on his knees before her, and entreat her to forgive and love him once more; he would do any thing, suffer

any hardship, encounter any danger to reinstate himself in her regard; and if she would not or could not be his, he might at least have the sad satisfaction of guarding her from peril or dying at her feet.

He spent the night preparing for a long and dangerous journey, and wrote a letter to his father which he left on his own table, detailing the motives of his romantic enterprise, and praying his forgiveness for going so far away without asking his consent or bidding him farewell. By daybreak he was on horseback with his face towards the highlands of Carolina. At the last hamlet on the frontier he fell in with some backwoodsmen going west, in whose company he penetrated the defiles of the Appalachian mountains. At the "Blockhouse," before mentioned, in the Holston valley, they were joined by some emigrants, who were on their way from Virginia to the neighborhood of Logan's Fort in Kentucky. Here Beaufort learned that a large company had passed some weeks before, which he had no doubt was the one in which Mary and her friends had traveled.

Beaufort and the emigrants struck into the great western trail and meeting with no adventure of importance, they arrived one evening at the little outposts of civilization called Logan's Fort. Some females were milking the cows outside of the gate, while men with loaded rifles were lounging near to guard them against any sudden attack of the Indians. Philip was introduced into a cabin, one end of which was almost taken up by a huge chimney made of logs, in which an immense fire was blazing. He was kindly received and invited to sit down on a stool, the best seat the cabin afforded, by a middle-aged female of mild and dignified appearance who was busy preparing supper. Several children were tumbling over each other on the floor, and there was one in a cradle, which, though not precisely a sugar trough, was of little less simple construction. A rifle leaned in one corner, and the walls were decorated with the branching horns of elk and deer.

Philip had gathered round him some of the children, who, though not for ward, were by no means afraid of the well dressed stranger, when the master of the house entered and saluted him with grave but cordial courtesy. Philip was struck by his singularly commanding appearance. He was tall, well-formed and muscular, his hair and eyes were dark and the latter as piercing as those of an eagle, his complexion was embrowned by exposure, his dress was the usual hunting-shirt and leggings of the backwoodsman, and his manner, plain and unassuming, indicated perfect self-possession, and the habit of command. General Logan, for it was the founder of the fort and the pioneer of that part of Kentucky that Philip beheld, was indeed a remarkable man. To the iron hardihood of the backwoodsman, he united the manners of a gentleman, and the romantic heroism of the most shining period of chivalry.

Philip sat till near midnight listening to the thrilling narratives of his host, upon whom he in turn made a very favorable impression. The next morning he was pressed by General Logan to remain some days, but Beaufort was anxious to proceed for reasons which the reader may readily conjecture. He diverged slightly, however, from the direct trail to Harrol's Station, the next stopping place, which he could easily reach before nightfall, in order to see a remarkable locality which his host had mentioned. A buffalo trace, through deep forests and dense canebrakes, led him to the most singular group of hills he had ever beheld. It was a cluster of cones and pyramids some of them of great height, and almost as regular as if shaped by the hand of art, and all exposing a surface of hard blue clay without a trace of vegetation. There was something startling, weird, dreamlike, almost awful in this strange solitude of herbless mounds, standing there in the centre of exuberant fertility, the monuments and throne of ancient desola-

tion.

Beaufort, and one of the backwoods-

men with whom he was travelling, climbed with no small difficulty to the sum-

mit of one of the pyramids. The sky was clear, but the air was smoky enough to soften the outlines of a rich landscape,

basking in the warm sunlight of a summer day. The ocean of forest undulated, on one side, without a single patch of cultivation, to the feet and up the sides of a long range of hills that looked blue in the hazy distance; on the other it spread, a sea of foliage, broken by island-clearings at long intervals, over a part of what has already been described as the most fertile and beautiful region of the West. It was a sylvan scene of such magnificence as perhaps no other country on earth could have exhibited. The nearest point at which the hand of civilized man was visible was a clearing a few miles from the "Knob Lick," on a very fine tract of land, which, as Beaufort was informed by his companion, was the property of Col. Shelby, the hero of King's Mountain. It was level except where it sloped towards a stream which could be seen to descend, far away towards the east, into a deep gorge on its way to the Kentucky River.

Beaufort passed through a part of the extensive estate of Col. Shelby, after leaving the Knob Lick, and it struck him that the distinguished proprietor had made a very happy selection. The large growth and loftiness of the woods, as well as the great density and gigantic size of the cane, indicated a soil of extraordinary depth and fertility. He found, however, the same indications along the whole route which he travelled during that and the following day when he arrived at Lexington, except the immediate valley of the Kentucky river and the lower ravines of its tributaries. He had learned that the desti-

nation of the company comprising Mr. Moseby and his family was the region round about Lexington, and he stopped there to make inquiry as to their present location.

## CHAPTER IX.

We must now go back a little to relate some events which had happened while Beaufort was on his way from Carolina. It must be borne in mind that it required several weeks to traverse the wilderness at that period.

One afternoon in the latter part of May, the open space in front of a sort of store at Bryant's Station, where powder, lead and whisky were sold to the backwoodsmen, and a meager stock of drygoods was made to fit as much space as possible to catch the fancies of their wives and daughters, was enlivened by a crowd of stalwart hunters and marksmen, distributed into various groups, each of which had made up a match in rifle-shooting at different distances.

One of these groups was composed of three brothers named Hartman, relatives of that Peter Hartman already mentioned as the leader of the emigrants from Carolina, and two young men named McClure, who were also brothers, and full matches in strength and courage for any other two in the settlement. Marston, tired of beating everybody, was sitting at the store door watching the display of marksmanship, especially that of his friend Robert McClure, who had borrowed Marston's rifle, his own being out of order.

Marston was not on very good terms with the Hartmans, to whom their uncle had imparted some portion of the jealous hatred which he still cherished towards the man who had not only supplanted him in the confidence of the emigrants, as above related, but had ever since overshadowed him in public estimation.

He had diligently sought an occasion of quarrel with our hero, who was determined not to give him one, if it could be avoided without doing himself injustice.

The Hartmans were known as a very clannish set of folks, who upheld one another in all their difficulties, and who ever incurred the enmity of one of them, especially of Peter Hartman, who was looked up to as in some sort the head of the family, might be almost sure of encountering the persecution of the whole batch. Besides his relatives, Peter Hartman had his partisans too among his neighbors, who shared his prejudices against Marston, whose friends however were more numerous and of a higher character.

On the present occasion, Peter Hartman, seeing a number of his own party on the ground, was resolved to find or make an opportunity of drawing Marston into a quarrel before they separated.

In the group which our hero was watching the most skillful marksmen were Robert McClure and Joseph Hartman, and these were so nearly matched, that it was at length agreed between them to submit their pretensions to one final trial. Accordingly a new target was set up, and the others laid aside their guns, and, joined by Marston, awaited the result of the decisive match between the brag shots of the respective parties, with as much interest, as a closely contested election would have excited in the same persons under different circumstances.

McClure fired first and broke the centre of the mark. Hartman then took his stand and all eyes were eagerly bent upon the target, as his rifle slowly settled down to an aim. The moment the report was heard one of the Hartmans hastened to the target and held it up with a shout of exultation. Upon examination it was found that though Hartman had not really made a better shot than McClure, his ball, being larger, had broken somewhat farther over the centre, though the difference was scarcely perceptible. After some boisterous discussion, it was left to Marston, and he, upon the rule generally acknowledged, which gives the advantage to the man whose rifle carries the largest bullet, decided against McClure, who exclaimed:

"Well, damn it, I give it up; but I tell you what it is, Joe, I have a cold here that can beat your nag any distance you please."

"I'll be d—d if he can," replied Hartman.

"What will you bet then on a race," rejoined McClure, "say three hundred yards from the south gate?"

"I'll put up five dollars agin that shot pouch," a very beautiful one, embroidered with beads, and powder-horn attached, that McClure had become possessed of in the famous expedition against Kaskaskia under Gen. Clarke. "That's not exactly even, for the shot pouch is worth double the money; but may be you think you ought to have odds to run against the finest colt in the settlement."

"Well, if you want to back out, I'll let you off," said Hartman.

"I hadn't any idea of backing out, and to make no more words about it, just bring out your horse if you want to see mine run away from him."

Leading their horses by the bridle the two young men passed out of the fort, followed by the whole crowd, for there was no greater attraction than a horse race to the Kentuckians of that any more than of the present generation.

Just without the pickets was a stretch of strait and level road, which was selected as the race ground. The distance having been marked off by stepping, the judges, of whom Marston was to be one, and the greater part of the crowd, remained near the gate, while the two jockeys, after taking off the saddles and their own hunting-shirts, mounted their horses and rode slowly up the road until they had reached the appointed distance, then wheeled, and at the word put spurs to their steeds and came thundering towards the gate, raising a cloud of dust, which almost blinded the eager spectators.

McClure came out a little ahead, but one of the judges was completely under the influence of the Hartmans; another was an indecisive man, and being somewhat afraid of the clan, hesitated, until Marston, who had only consented to serve at all because he saw that his unsuspecting friend was about to be cheated in the selection of judges, spoke out so decidedly in favor of McClure, as to secure the voice of the majority. McClure came out a little ahead, but one of the judges was completely under the influence of the Hartmans; another was an indecisive man, and being somewhat afraid of the clan, hesitated, until Marston, who had only consented to serve at all because he saw that his unsuspecting friend was about to be cheated in the selection of judges, spoke out so decidedly in favor of McClure, as to secure the voice of the majority.

"You are merely seeking a quarrel with me," replied Marston, turning his calm unquailing blue eye upon his deadly foe, "for you know that nobody here will believe such a falsehood as that for one moment."

"Do you mean to charge me with lying, sir," said Hartman, and his small dark deep-set eyes shot forth from under his frowning brows that serpent glitter already noticed.

"I mean sir," replied Marston, "that when you assert that Mr. McClure has bribed me to decide in his favor, you assert what you yourself and everybody here know to be a willful and infamous falsehood."

Hartman aimed at him a blow which he eluded, and he was about to close with his antagonist who was drawing a long hunting-knife from its sheath, when some of the younger Hartmans fell upon him, and poor Marston was in a fair way to be killed outright, without having a chance to defend himself.

At the critical moment, however, Robert McClure, who had been standing a little way off, holding his horse and talking with some of his friends, became aware of what was going on at the gate, and dropping the bridle, sprang almost over the heads of the crowd, followed by his brother Andrew, exclaiming, "Fair play here, by—" as he threw back the Hartmans right and left, and ranged himself with his brother by the side of Marston. The Hartmans paused an instant, but still further irritated by the air and tone of defiance assumed by their new antagonists, soon rushed upon them, and a desperate fray was commencing which would probably have been fatal to some of the combatants, when Colonel Todd, the commander of the military district, came up at full gallop, and called to the crowd in a stern and peremptory tone—

"Separate those madmen, instantly. The Indians may be murdering their wives and children, while they are trying to kill each other."

The fearful intimation that Indians were in the neighborhood acted like a spell. The combat instantly ceased, and the men gathered round the officer who informed them that a body of savage warriors had been seen crossing the Licking early that morning. This announcement caused the crowd to disperse in every direction. Mounting their horses in hot haste, most of the men never drew rein until they had reached their homes in the surrounding forests, where they prepared for immediate removal to the fort.

Some time elapsed, and the Indians, if any had been really seen, which many were inclined to doubt, having apparently given over all hostile purposes, the alarm passed away entirely, and the settlers returned to their homes, where their presence and labor were especially needed.

Ever ranging, constantly changing, sometimes teasing, sometimes pleasing, sometimes hoaxing, sometimes coaxing, No expressing how much dressing, Little knowing, little sewing, Little walking, greatly talking, Mischief making, promise breaking, Novel reading, dainty feeding, Idle dreaming, sudden screaming, Lap-dog doating, Byron quoting,

Piano-playing, gems displaying, Body bracing, tightly lacing, Over-sleeping, often weeping, Dandy-loving, white-kid gloving, Thin-shoe wearing, health despairing, Daily fretting, sickness getting,

Ever sighing, almost dying, What blessed wives to cheer men's lives!

diary peaceful flow, interrupted only by those hours of sad retrospection, in which the images of former scenes and departed friends would come over her with unusual vividness, and melt her soul into that gentle sorrow into which the sharpest griefs are mellowed by time and change. Happily she was more than ever under the power of those religious principles which she had been taught in childhood, but the warm reality, and consoling and supporting efficacy of which had been brought home to her by the afflictions dispensations of Providence.

It is true the "sound of the church-going bell" was not as yet heard in this western wilderness; but were not the lofty stems of the solemn forest, those hoary and mossgrown witnesses of the silent flight of ages—were they not the pillars of a fit temple of the living God?—their verdant aisles by day lit up by the most striking material image of His glory, by night over-arched with the star-fretted vault, the magnificent outer porch of the "palace of Eternity?"

At my former period of her life, whether on the breezy hills of her fatherland,

on the broad ocean whose ceaseless

hymns rise to the stars, or in crowded

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## The New President.

Human nature is everywhere essentially the same, and notwithstanding the boasts we are in the habit of making in this country of our contempt for those distinctions of birth and rank which are so highly regarded on the other side of the Atlantic, many Americans are just as apt as other people to bow down and worship those things about a man which are purely artificial and adventitious.—True, our funkeys, to borrow a favorite expression of Carlyle, do not surrender their souls, as they do in Europe, to the prestige of a long line of historical ancestry because from the newness of the country, there is no such thing here, but they do what is in principle the same, they worship wealth, public honors, worldly success, office, and that sort of greatness which is not achieved but thrust upon a man by some lucky turn in the political lottery. We have seen this last form of funkeys exemplified in a very ridiculous and disgusting manner in regard to Gen. PIERCE, the President elect. No doubt Gen. PIERCE is a man of fair talents, a handsome speaker, a good writer, and probably deserves a respectable place among the five thousand second rate lawyers in the United States. He is also a well disposed man, who has given no evidence however, though he has had opportunities to do so, of any great force of character or staunchness of moral purpose. He seems to be a person of good taste and modesty, and has conducted himself so far with dignity and propriety. Though his antecedents are by no means encouraging we hope that he will make a vigorous, judicious and successful administration. Every good citizen, Whig or Democrat, wishes to give Gen. PIERCE a fair trial, and Whigs especially rejoice that he seems to be much sounder in regard to our foreign policy than they had any reason to expect from the avowed sentiments of most of his supporters. This is all right and proper. But there are certain funkeys, for the most part connected with what is called the neutral or independent press, whose unbridled despotism of the mob. It is truly delightful, in these days of wild and reckless theories on government and politics, to listen to two such discourses. It brings back the memory of our revolutionary patriots and statesmen, and gives assurance that sounder views and happier days are coming to our beloved country, which has too long been convulsed with radicalism, and made the plaything of the heartless demagogue. The two speakers are young men, whose talents will give them influence in society and if true to their principles, they will both be blessings to our glorious country.

At the conclusion of the speeches, premiums of merit were distributed to such of the students as had distinguished themselves in the two months last past, either for good conduct, diligence, or success in their studies.

Following the distribution of premiums we had from the Band the sweetest air I ever listened to. It was one of Strauss' best pieces, and was performed in excellent style.

It has been gravely asserted that Gen. PIERCE enjoys more of the confidence of the American people than any man since Washington. This is but a poor compliment to the American people.—We think they have too much sense to place their confidence in a man without better grounds than the career of Gen. PIERCE has afforded. They know very well that he was not their choice, that he was picked up as a dernier resort by a convention of politicians. They hope he will do well, because he is the chief Executive of the nation, but the idea of his possessing their implicit confidence is preposterous, because he has as yet done nothing to inspire it.

The editor of a pretended neutral paper in Philadelphia has found out that Gen. PIERCE is equal to Alexander the

Great. In his next effort at making himself ridiculous let him take the most remarkable qualities of Julius Caesar, Hannibal, Charlemagne, Alfred, Frederick, Cromwell, Napoleon, Washington, Jackson, Clay, Wellington and Scott, if the real glory of the last be not altogether dimmed by his defeat in the estimation of funkeys, and then consider the whole of the double-distilled and concentrated essence of greatness, incarnate, embodied and personified in the President elect, and while he is lying prostrate before this idol of his own creation, we, with our fellow-citizens of both parties who have not been so much dazzled by the sudden blaze of this Northern star, which after all may turn out to be a meteor instead of a fixed star, will just move on the even tenor of our way, watching the Executive as every citizen of a free country ought to do, but ready at all times cordially to approve what we think right in his conduct, as well as to condemn what we believe to be wrong.

[For the Bardstown Herald.]

BARDSTOWN, February 23, 1853.  
*Mr. Editor:* I was present yesterday at the celebration of WASHINGTON's birth day, by the *Eureodelphian Society* of St. Joseph's College; and I know you will take pleasure in publishing an account of it, for it is a national festival in which every American heart feels patriotic pride and delight. You know that St. Joseph's is remarkable for the elegance and public spirit with which all our national festivals, year after year, are there celebrated. You no doubt recall to your mind those two recent illuminations, when a thousand lamps of colored light, arranged with taste and order, presented the most magnificent spectacle ever gazed upon.

Unfavorable as was the day, the celebration on yesterday did honor to St. Joseph's. When I entered the public hall, notwithstanding the rain had been descending in torrents during the morning, I found it filled almost to overflowing with many of the most beautiful and accomplished of our ladies, and many of our citizens, testifying by their presence, the interest they felt in a celebration of a national festival at St. Joseph's.

The College Band was executing, in admirable style, one of those soul-stirring airs, that swelled my heart with patriotic pride, and I could but recall those beautiful lines:—

*—Breathes there a man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,  
‘This is my own, my native land?’*

The music was followed by a discourse from Mr. GERVAISE BAILLIO, of Louisiana, a student of St. Joseph's. I listened with no ordinary feelings of delight to his speech, more resembling that of a statesman than of a youthful student.—It would require more space than you can allow me to give an extended account of his excellent discourse, the main object of which was to show from history and the nature of our government, that the extension of our territory endangered our Union, and tended to destroy those virtues upon which the prosperity of our happy republic depended. He ended his discourse, leaving the impression upon me that he was a young man of the highest order of intellect.

After a thrilling air of martial music, Mr. IGNATIUS SPALDING, also a student of St. Joseph's, delivered a discourse on the nature of true liberty. I affirm but the truth when I declare, that I have never heard from any one, a more elevated or noble discourse on the origin of government and the nature of true liberty, regulated by law, as distinguishable from mere licentiousness and the unbridled despotism of the mob. It is truly delightful, in these days of wild and reckless theories on government and politics, to listen to two such discourses. It brings back the memory of our revolutionary patriots and statesmen, and gives assurance that sounder views and happier days are coming to our beloved country, which has too long been convulsed with radicalism, and made the plaything of the heartless demagogue. The two speakers are young men, whose talents will give them influence in society and if true to their principles, they will both be blessings to our glorious country.

RENE CLOUTIER: *Our Venerable Bishop.*—Formerly President of this Institution, she still derives lustre from his reputation, whilst his talents and zeal are now employed in a far more extended sphere of usefulness.

F. A. LEBEAU: *Rev. J. B. Emig.*—President of St. Joseph's College; in kindness unsurpassed, he devotes himself heart and soul to the promotion of our welfare.

Long may he live to see in us abundant fruits of his labors; and may we all in after life feel pleasure in recollecting that we received the blessing of a thorough moral and intellectual education at old St. Joseph's under the Presidency of the good Father Emig.

REV. J. B. EMIG: *To the Students of St. Joseph's College.*—Virtue and application, the two wings by means of which soared to their present elevation of moral and intellectual culture. Their air was "No idleness; no vicious habits,"—their watchword, "Oward,"—my sentence, "God speed."

J. E. NEWMAN, Esq.: *General Washington.*—The only star in the American Constellation, which, as time bears us from it, increases, instead of diminishing, in its magnitude and splendor.

DOCTOR STROTH: *Professor Liebig.*—He stands canonized in science, and holds the keys of her temple. Being somewhat deaf, his disciples should rep a little louder at the door.

S. CARPENTER JR., Esq.: *Gentlemen.*—On last 4th of July, in this Hall, I proposed the memory of Henry Clay—"a name that was not born to die"—and since then his great career in the race of fame and glory has fallen, full of years and honors, shrouding a nation in gloom, and saddening the hearts of millions of freemen.

I propose the memory of DANIEL WEBSTER—the last of the giants.—Great as all things, but preeminent great as a statesman, orator and diplomatist,—his broad nationality, his devoted and comprehensive patriotism, his large and massive intellect, his profound acquirements, the splendid

delight which I, in common with so many of our citizens, have felt in seeing the liberality and patriotism which the President and officers of St. Joseph's College so continually display in celebrating our national festivals; thereby impressing upon the rising generations that high degree of admiration and love for our Revolutionary patriots, which are the surest means of perpetuating our national liberties.

Yours truly,

A CITIZEN.

## TOASTS

AND

## SENTIMENTS.

## 1. THE DAY WE CELEBRATE.

## 2. THE ORATORS OF THE DAY.

3. WASHINGTON: The Father of his country, the friend of all. No innocent blood stains the chapter of his immortality; no dirge of desolation mingles with the praises of his greatness. Calumna itself respects his name, and his memory is revered even by the people he so successfully withheld.

4. THE PATRIOT: To him honorable peace is all that makes life desirable; and, in the hour of peril to his country, he is ready to prove by his death that he deserved to live.

5. THE HEROES WHO FELL IN THE REVOLUTIONARY STRUGGLE: They fell martyrs to liberty; and freedom is the body they bequeathed to their descendants.

6. OUR FLAG: It has waved gallantly over a thousand fields of victory. Division at home can alone cause it to trail in the dust.

7. GOVERNMENT: The proper end of government is the welfare of the governed; and where it promotes this end by exercising legitimate authority in wisdom and justice, and is obeyed, there must be liberty and happiness.

PROF. G. WATSON: *Our Professors of Music.*—May their lives flow on as sweetly and harmoniously as the notes from their instruments.

PROF. J. M. HAYES: *The Orators of the Day.*—By all who have heard them today they will be considered brilliant stars of our literary firmament; but you, friends, any who know them better, they are bright suns enlightening and enlivening all within the sphere of their influence.

CHAS. FARRELL: *The Faculty.*—Men eminent for your learning, b-lined and reverend for your christian virtues, your claim to our gratitude admits of no dispute.

IGNATIUS SPALDING: *Calhoun.*—One of the five great statesmen who had the moral courage to adhere to principle rather than to interest; he was too great ever to become President, because he was too honest to be a demagogue. Time and impartial history will award that justice to his merits which was denied them during his life.

THOS. L. FINN: *Ireland.*—Once the land of Saints, the isle of love, may the God of Justice smile on struggling Freedom, and may Erin, the land of tyranny and oppression, be restored to her ancient glory and renown.

12. THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT: Built up of tributes to American independence, it will transmit to future ages the memory both of Washington's greatness and the gratitude of his countrymen.

13. EDUCATION: It is related that from the flowers of Hybla, famous with ancient bards, bees sipped honey and vipers distilled venom; it should be remembered that Education too, according to the use made of it, may produce sweetest to virtue, or it may add virulence to vice.

## VOLUNTEER TOASTS.

REV. N. CONGIATO: *Pius the Ninth.*—I believe he is the only foreign sovereign who has shown his admiration of the great man who memory we this day celebrate, by contributing a block of marble to the monument which is to be erected in his honor at the seat of government. Nester is a true friend of real liberty.—Would that his temporal subjects were worthy of him.

GERVAISE BAILLIO: *President Fillmore.*—He has safely steered our ship of state over the angry waves of political strife, and he will now resign the helm to others who will ever have that which kings with all their wealth can not purchase—the love and gratitude of our people.

ED. FOURNIER: *Our Physicians.*—Their professional skill requires no praise. The more than paternal care they take of the sick endears them to every one who I had almost said has had the good fortune to have been their patient.

JOHN C. M'GAVOCK: *Colonel Clay.*—The star of the field which so often has pouted its beam on the board is set; But witness of glory remains on each sword To light us to victory yet.

LOUIS ALLAIN: *The Supporters of the Compromise.*—When the torrent of marchy and disunion was about to sweep away the noble fabric of American liberty, he turned inside the angry flood, saved the glorious structure from ruin, and thus deserved to have their names written beside those of Washington, Jefferson and Adams.

S. G. SPAK: *Freedom of Thought and Freedom of Action.*—The proud privilege of an intelligent being—the richest boon of a liberal and well regulated government.

P. BRISCOE: *Patrick Henry.*—He sounded the knell of Tyranny and his funeral pile with a spark from liberty's altar.

A. CROZIER: *O. A. Brownson.*—Some English review men have a "theological Swiss-guard"; yes, and he is invincible, for his arm is that of a giant, and Truth is his panoply.

ALFRED LANDRY: *General Scott.*—The brave and devoted soldier that never permitted his country to be defeated; like most truly great men in return for his patriotic generosity he was defeated by his country.

A. CLOUTIER: *Senator Downs of Louisiana.*—Highly eminent for his love of Union, justice and liberty, he will ever be dear to every southerner, White or Democrat; and as long as our beloved country will stand it will often be said, and with truth, that most truly great men in return for his patriotic generosity he was defeated by his country.

J. VANDYKE: *Kentucky.*—The Cornfield of the Union; she is also the Hempfield of the nation, which makes her a far more serviceable member of the glorious confederacy, since she exports all this last named commodity for the moral benefit of her neighbors.

B. ALVEAR: *Cuba.*—The modern garden of the Hesperides, whose golden apples I fear will prove either her ruin or that of this country.

SAMUEL THOMAS: *Lafayette and Kosuth.*—If your country is too poor to offer me transportation, said the enthusiastic young Frenchman to Franklin, "I will provide my own." He came and fought our battles. Kosuth was received in state on a national ship, scolded the captain, bullied Congress and the President, and fleeced the people.

GEORGE CLEMENTS: *Colonel Clay.*—He bravely fought and nobly fell marching on to fame and to victory; may the amaranth of glory bloom over his grave.

F. W. CLARKE: *Meagher.*—Some fear that he will bring odium upon a good cause; but he furnishes grounds neither for hope nor fear. There is no nation which does not sympathize with misgoverned Ireland; but no enlightened statesman prays for triumph to Mazzini, Kosuth or any other champion of Radicalism, especially for one who can neither injure nor benefit the cause in which he may engage.

JEREMIAH ROBINSON: *Gen. Jackson.*—He was only twice needful whilst liv-

ing—once at New Orleans, and once in South Carolina. An extreme evil required an extreme remedy, and it must be admitted he had the nerve to administer it. One of his prescriptions has been needed since, but it is a desperate case indeed that requires the professional services of such a physician.

J. L. WILLET, Esq.: *The Anglo-Americans.*—May despotism and intolerance flee before them as the darkness before the dawning day, and may they continue to spread their principles until every dark spot upon earth shall become enlightened and enjoy the blessings of civil and religious liberty.

E. M. WILLET, Esq.: *To the enlightened and Christian spirit* which arose in its might and magnitude; and acting according to the dictates of right and reason, and the settled principles of truth, rebuked the evil genius of Kosuth and Mazzini in their rebellious, socialistic, anti-christian and red-republican movement.

T. M. HITE, Esq.: Following in the train of Mr. Willet, I would say that our country is in such a situation that her institutions should be well watched, and above all should we guard with the intensest anxiety against any desire to interfere in the politics of foreign governments; but there is one nation in whose behalf we should be willing to risk our fortune and our lives.

J. L. SPALDING, Esq.: *The Eureodelphian Society, our Entertainers.*—Intellectually, they have feasted us with wholesome truths and beautiful ideas;—body with the richest and best land affords.

D. H. HAYDEN, Esq.: *Hon. Ben. Harrison.*—The statesman, the orator, and the profound jurist—may his memory live ever in the hearts of his countrymen.

G. SCHAUER, Esq.: *Rev. J. B. Emig.*—He may reap the reward he so richly deserves for his liberal encouragement of the useful sciences and the fine arts.

PROF. G. WATSON: *Our Professors of Music.*—May their lives flow on as sweetly and harmoniously as the notes from their instruments.

PROF. J. M. HAYES: *The Orators of the Day.*—By all who have heard them today they will be considered brilliant stars of our literary firmament; but you, friends, any who know them better, they are bright suns enlightening and enlivening all within the sphere of their influence.

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PROF. G. WAT

## THE HERALD

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY  
JAMES L. W. ELLIS,  
[To whom all communications on business must be  
addressed pre-paid.]

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TO CLUBS

THE HERALD will be..... \$1 50 per copy  
of 20..... \$1 25  
of 30..... \$1 00

**17** The money must always accompany the  
names of Club subscribers.

## JOB-PRINTING.

We have, since the expiration of the 2nd volume of the Herald, made several very necessary and handsome additions to our JOB OFFICE, which will enable us to get up our work in a style that can not please to please.

BOOKS, PAMPHLETS, CARDS,  
BLANKS, BILL TICKETS, BILLS,  
PORTERS, BILL-HEADS, &c., &c.,  
will be printed on fine white or fancy paper, with  
Black, Blue, or Red Ink, on short notice. We are  
determined to use all means within our power to  
please those who favor us with their patronage.

**GIVE US A CALL.**

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 24.

## NOTICE!

As the expenses of the HERALD OFFICE have been considerably increased since the second enlargement of THE BARDSTOWN HERALD, will not our subscribers, if they cannot pay all, pay half of their subscriptions?

We now furnish them with a paper containing almost twice as much reading as any Bardstown paper ever before contained, and without any increase in the price. [Although we now have a larger subscription list than any other political or literary paper ever published in this part of the State, we feel confident that it will be doubled before the present volume expires.]

## Apprentice Wanted.

A boy about 14 years of age wanted at this Office, to learn the art of Printing. One who can come well recommended will find a good home and obtain a thorough knowledge of Printing. Apply immediately.

In another part of this week's paper will be found the proceedings of the celebration of the 22d by the Euclidian Society of St. Joseph's College.

In another column will be found a call for proposals to build a new College at Columbia. We like the plan of the institution and hope it will succeed.

The Merchants of Baltimore are determined to make their city attractive to southern and western dealers. They have lately established a Reading Room in the building of Adams & Co., for the accommodation of Merchants from the south and west, and their friends. We would be glad to see Baltimore and other southern cities getting a larger share of the trade of the country. The gigantic monopoly of New York tends to disturb the political equilibrium, and must in the course of time, if it has not already, give to that city and the section of which it is the metropolis a disproportionate influence in the affairs of the nation. We can see no reason why southern and western men should aid in perpetuating that monopoly when the power which it gives may ultimately be turned against them. The gigantic efforts which Baltimore is now making to cause her advantages to be appreciated, have been sneered at in some quarters of the ground that Merchants will always go where they can buy on the most advantageous terms as if interest alone and not feeling and habit determined the choice of markets. If this be true we would ask some of our friends here why it is that most of them go to Philadelphia, while others who live still further from N. York go to that city and others still, from the south and west, go to Baltimore. Has habit, feeling, association nothing to do with the matter? Either these cities are equal in the advantages which they offer, or they are not equal. If equal then something else besides interest determines the choice of the dealer, if not equal then large numbers of intelligent Merchants must be ignorant of their real interests. Who is it that cheats himself, the dealer who goes to New York, Baltimore, or Philadelphia; or are the chances of making good bargains on favorable terms in reality about equal in those cities, leaving the distance and cost of transportation to determine the question of interest? If so, Baltimore has now the advantage, for since the completion of her railroad she is practically nearer the west and southwest than either of the other two.

**THE BEST POSSIBLE REMEDY FOR CONSUMPTION!—Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry** is just the remedy that a pure minded, unprejudiced man, thoroughly acquainted with every system of practice, and well acquainted with the whole Materia Medica, and experienced in general practice, would recommend as the best possible remedy, for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis and Consumption.

This remedy contains the extraordinary medicinal virtues of the Wild Cherry and the Fir which are combined and embodied in their utmost power in this article.

By a nice chemical process, every thing deleterious or useless is rejected, so that what remains is the most extraordinary and truly efficacious remedy for all kinds of pulmonary and liver diseases ever known to man.

## Merchants! Merchants!

FOR RENT. The well-known old stand of John McMeekin, dec'd, a corner of Main and High Streets, in Bardstown, Ky., lately occupied by Wilson & Cox. The possession will be given on the first day of March, 1853. Apply to feb 24th MARY D. McMEEKIN.

## NOTICE.

THE annual Election for a President and six Managers of the Bardstown and Louisville Turnpike company will be held at the office of D. S. Howell, in Bardstown, on Monday, the 7th of March next.

P. LINTHICUM, Secy.

Feb 22d, 1853.

Louisville Journal copy the above times in Daily, and charge advertiser.

## NOTICE.

A N Election for a President and six Managers of the Bardstown and Green River Turnpike road Company will be held at the office of D. S. Howell, in Bardstown, on Monday, the 7th of March next.

E. B. SMITH, Secy.

Feb. 22d, 1853.

## A College Building!

A FUND of \$2000 has been raised in the town of Columbia, Ky., for the purpose of erecting at that place a College Building, the Committee appointed to superintend the work have deposited, at the Clerk's Office in Columbia, a plan of the building to which Contractors are referred for all particular respecting its architecture, and propose to size. All plans may be added to, Etc. etc.

The Committee will certain propositions for any part of the work. It is desired, however, to give the entire contract to some one man. Proposals will be received up to the 25th of March, 1853, at which time the contract will be closed.

THOS. P. AKERS

Columbia Ky., Feb. 17th, 1853.

J. C. WEBB. E. LEVERING.

WEBB & LEVEYING,  
BOOKSELLERS & STATIONERS,  
AND

Blank Book Manufacturers,  
No. 321, South Side Main, 3 doors below 3d st.  
LOUISVILLE KY.

SPRING DRY-GOODS:  
1853.

THE subscribers having removed to No 488, Main Street, are now receiving their Spring purchases of

DRY GOODS,  
embracing a large and complete variety of  
STAPLE, DRESS & FANCY GOODS.

Their Stock is new and beautiful, has been selected with great care, and will be sold at the lowest prices. Country Merchants are especially invited to give them a call.

J. DANFORTH & SON,  
488 Main-st., between 4th & 5th streets,  
feb 17 4m Louisville, Ky.

RAUH, BROTHERS,

Hart County, on Meeting Creek—150

acres cleared—soil productive—Improvements convenient and comfortable. Price \$1,000.

1,800 Acres

In Gravon County, on Rough Creek, Seven  
Acres, a portion of it very rich soil.

of the best Mill Seats—Timber abundant, and

convenient. Price \$2,000.

J. W. BARRETT, Esq., is

authorised to sell.

330 Acres

HAVING associated with our brother, Mr.

H. S. RAUH, from Cincinnati, we the undersigned beg leave to inform our friends and the public in general, that the business hitherto carried on, under the style of Rauh &amp; Brother, has been changed this day to

Rauh, Brothers,

Under which name, we shall continue to sell

READY MADE CLOTHING,

exclusively of our own manufacture, both

Wholesale and Retail in Cincinnati as well

as at our old stand in Bardstown, Ky.

RAUH, BROTHERS

Bardstown, Ky., Jan. 1, 1853.—tf

SAMUEL WILSON.

February 10, 1853.—\$5 00

Farm for Sale.

THE Farm I now live on, 6 miles from

Bardstown, on the Shepherdsville road, is

or sale. Said farm contains

150 Acres;

about one half enclosed and in good repair, a

good Dwelling house and Kitchen, large double

Barn, Backwash S. and all other

building sufficient to make a man a comfortable

home. Apple and Peach Orchard of choice

fruit; water for stock, which has never been

laid out; first rate well water near

the house; about 75 acres heavy timbered land.

Any person wishing to buy a farm could do well

to call and examine for themselves before they

purchase elsewhere, as I am determined to give

a good bargain. Possessions will be given in

15 days after a purchase is made, if required.

HENRY STREIT.

NOTICE!

JAMES BIVEN, Take notice that we will

apply to the County Court of Nelson

County, on the second Monday in March,

1853, to appoint a Commissioner to Divide the

Land which descended from Clement Biven to

his heirs—and Land situate in Nelson coun-

ty, on the West Fork of Cox's Creek.

MARY SHEPHERN,

TERESA BIVEN,

AUSTIN MUDD,

February 17th, 1853.—tf

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGA-

ZINE.

These Reprints have now been in successful

operation in this country for TWENTY YEARS

and their circulation is constantly on the in-

crease, and for few American periodicals of a

similar class and from numerous Ecclesiastics and

Magazines made up of selections from foreign

periodicals. This fact shows clearly the high

estimation in which they are held in the in-

telligent reading public, and affords a guaran-

tee that they are established on a firm basis

and will be continued without interruption.

Although these works are distinguished by

the shades above indicated, yet, as far as

the quality of the composition is concerned, to

which it is due, it is equal to any book of

similar character which gives them their value.

BLACKWOOD, still under the

mastery guidance of Christopher North, main-

tains its ancient celebrity, and is, at this time,

unusually attractive, from the serial works of

Balwe and other literary writers in its

magazine, and first appearing in its

newspaper, and in its various editions, in

its original and in its various editions, in

## THE HERALD.

Bardstown, February 24, 1853.

<sup>1</sup> All Communications addressed to the Editor must be pre-paid.<sup>2</sup> Single copies of the HERALD for sale at the Office. Price, 5 cents

(From Arthur's Home Gazette.

## A PRAIRIE GALLOP.

BY AUGUSTIN.

Here I am, in the capital of Texas. I might describe on this sheet—a la Herman Melville—a romantic town in the nation of nowhere, with all its men, woman and children. But I cannot lie. I cannot do it in conversation with my friends; why should I lie in speaking to readers. Hear a little about this town of Austin, now swarming with the Texan Legion.

I defy you to find in all story, from that of Amadis of Gaul till now, a more romantic history than that of this same State of Texas. Its twenty years of history is as well worth reading as the twenty centuries of history of old England. Fifteen years ago, this Empire—some five times larger than all England—was torn from a worse despotism than that of the Romans over England. Only fifteen years have fl'd, and yet this same Texas now enjoys, through its every acre, more freedom than old England after her two thousand years of revolution. The subject is as broad as her prairies, but by no means as dry. Look at this town of Austin, if you wish romances.

About 1835, the first axe rang among its hills. In 1837 it was peopled with the officers of the government. It was made the seat of government, although on the extreme outskirts of civilization, in order to carry emigration thitherward at one bold stride. In 1842 the Mexicans invaded Texas, as far as San Antonio, some eighty miles west of Austin. All Austin was instantly in uproar and panic. Every horse and wagon was requisitioned for the flying inhabitants—and a rapid and most disordered exodus they made, leaving only some dozen males in the place. Stoic-hearted men they were to remain, liable at any instant to be attacked by Comanches from the mountains, and Mexicans from the west. A few of them now remain in Austin, unmixed with the new population which has arisen around them. New-comers are apt to express decidedly their disgust at the newness and roughness of things, and such remarks are peculiarly irritating to the old settlers—all of whom look upon Austin as being a splendid city, in comparison to what it was a few years ago.

"Oh!" sobbed the sister-in-law of a newly-arrived doctor, as she sat with the family in a room they had obtained—"oh! if my father were to rise from the dead, and see us sitting in a room without a carpet what would he say?" Stunned by sobs and melted by tears, the unfortunate Doctor had to pack up and move all the way back to the old States—some two thousand dollars out of pocket by the trip; and this is a common case.

The disgust, the contempt with which the old Texans look upon the dandy new-comers, is inexplicable or explicable only in a way as rough as the accommodations. Not long after the town had been emptied by the fore-mentioned Panic, the acting President of the Republic determined to remove the seat of government to Houston—some two hundred miles nearer the Gulf. One day the wagon, for the purpose of removing the archives, drove into the almost deserted streets. In an hour the few inhabitants knew of it—knew that the fate of the town was at hand. Every man, woman and child was on fire with excitement. An old cannon was run out and pointed at the wagon, which was being loaded with the archives at the land office. The match was applied, and the old land office was severely peppered, but no damage being done, the invading party drove off in triumph—not to escape, however, for a band of men and boys, rapidly organized, pursued after and overtook them some twenty miles from Austin. A fight there certainly would have been, had not the wagon party yielded to the determined spirit of the Austinians, and drove back their precious booty. The archives of the government were restored—here they are now, and here they will remain, at least, for the next twenty years.

According to a provision in the constitution, the seat of government was to be located by a vote, in August, 1850—but was duly elected.

Previous to this time, every one was, of course, unwilling to buy or build upon an uncertainty, and there were no improvements made. Immediately upon its election, however, the spirit of improvements rose high. Houses are going up in every direction. Every individual in the place is active and thriving, and each day sees the arrival of new families to swell the population. Churches are being built, schools established, society organized.—The rude camp-life is giving place to the order and quiet of steady town-life.

Situated on a navigable river, the beautiful Colorado, hemmed in on the north by mountains which roll down and away in rich and fertile valleys, east and west and south, there is not a more lovely situation for a town in the wide world over. The climate is delightful, and the place healthful to a proverb. Although there is little rain during summer, it is an established fact that the acres of this region will yield their thirty and fifty bushels of corn each without a drop of rain from planting to gathering.

There is a growth, a life about Austin, which makes it a healthful place for a man to live in. The air is clear, the heart beats quick, the brain works rapidly in the universal impulsion. The Texan Legislature now crowd the place. An empire of tremendous magnitude is in their hands, to canal and cut up with railways and enlighten with schools.

The Legislature has just met—nothing done yet. My dandy friend! we are going to have a great State here. If you are ever to be a man, let me earnestly advise you to sell your plate and your library of novels and your jewelry and your extra cravats.—Buy yourself two or three good, stout suits of clothing—come out here! You will find plenty to do—clerk, teaching, forming, working in any way whatever.—Come out, give your whole soul to the thing, and you will become a man—ten thousand times more of a man than if you hang forever around your father's house, reading law an hour a day; visiting the ladies four hours a day; reading, dressing and smoking the rest of the day. You will not find carpets, carriages, theatres, operas, soirees, rocking-chairs, and aristocratic circles, but you will find plenty to do and good pay for doing it.

But if you have not got the stamina of a real man in you, do not come. If you do, you will fret and whine and whimper and sneak back to the old States, disgusted at our roughness and newness. Texas tests a man through and through! You can tell what a man is by two days' ride with him into and over a prairie. He rides out of inber, and for the first time in his life a prairie rolls open, broad, boundlessly away on every hand, sparkling like a firmament in its universe of flowers. Wide, free nature is around the man. If he is dazed, wearied of it, it proves that he has a small mind, a little heart, a contracted soul, fitted to live his life behind a grecy-counter, without one idea beyond the tongue and hams that hang at his door—without a sympathy out of the area of the odor of his cheese. On the other hand, if the eyes of your companion sparkle as he looks over a prairie for the first time, his form becomes more erect in the saddle, if he luxuriates and expands and enjoys the scenery as he rides along, you may depend on it that man has a heart as ample as nature about him. There is a breadth and warmth and geniality in him in sympathy with the scene around him. Consequently, of all that visit Texas, you will find that the enterprising and valuable portion remain, the small and fastidious and weakly return. It is another fact that all who reside in Texas—especially Western Texas—acquire, if they did not have it at first, a peculiar fondness for their adopted State—a fondness which amounts to enthusiasm. Through all Texas there is a patriotic sovereign receipt for wives weary of the newness of Texas and pining to return to the old States. This is, to let them return! It is an inevitable experience that no sooner do they get back to the old States, than a pining for their Texas home seizes them; they return glad to it, and never desire again to leave!—The scenery, the crystal air, the hearty life, the youthful growth, the charm of the State, whatever it is, binds one—assimilates one to Texas. There is a ministering feeling, an unfolding of the Adam-in-sin in this Eden, which breaks up conventional feelings and ideas; which warms, expands, attaches a man with all the fresh feeling of a child to his Texan home.—Among the brick walls and marble manners of the old States, he is, on a visit there, restless and unhappy. He breathes deeper when his feet again press his own private, and he would not exchange his glorious Empire State of 323,000 square miles of territory, and gallant history, and magnificent future, for any other State in the wide world. The emigration, now pouring into the vast bosom of the State, shows that other people besides Texans have this same idea.

## LOVE ON.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Love on, love on, the soul must have a shrine—  
The roughest breast must find some haloed spot;  
The God who formed us left no spark divine  
To fill him with, and yet he could not hold  
A single atom of a sacred chain.  
Of holy brightness and unmeasured length;  
The world with selfish rust and reckless stain  
May mar its beauty, but not touch its strength.

Love on, love on, even though the heart  
We faintly beat, must find some haloed spot;  
The God who formed us left no spark divine  
To fill him with, and yet he could not hold  
A single atom of a sacred chain.  
Of holy brightness and unmeasured length;  
The world with selfish rust and reckless stain  
May mar its beauty, but not touch its strength.

Love on, love on, though we may live to see  
The dear fair vider than the circling storm;  
Though dark and dense the gloom of Death may be,  
The effort of glory you shall pierce the cloud.  
The trust spell that Heaven can give to love,  
The sweetest prospect mere fancy gave,  
The blood'd thought that this the soul be sure  
Will meet above the things it loved below.

Love on, love on, Creation breathes the words;  
Their mystic music even dwells around;

The strain is echoed by numberless chords,

And gentlest bosoms yield the fullest sound;

If often keep springing, though their dazzling bloom

Is oft put forth for worms to feed upon,

So hearts, though wrung by traitors and the tomb,  
Shall still be precious, and shall still be won.

—  
The Editor's Sentiment's.

Bold in speech and bold in action  
Be forever!—True will test.  
Of the free-souled and the lavish,  
Which fulfills life's mission best.  
Be thou like the noble ancient!—  
Scorn the threat that bids thee fear;  
Sigh!—no matter what befalls thee;  
Let them strike, but make them hear!

—  
Oh! Boys, Carry Me 'Long!

A FAVORITE NEGRO SONG.

On! boys, carry me 'long;  
Dere's no more trouble for me;  
Ise gwine to roam in a happy home,  
When all de world am free.  
I've worked long in de fields;  
I've handled many a mule;  
I'll turn ev'ry day, I die,  
And see to it sugar cane grow.

Curious!—On! boys, carry me 'long  
Carry me till I die;  
Carry me down  
To de buryin' groun';  
Massa, don't you cry.

All ober de land  
I've wandered many a day,  
To blow de horn, and mind de corn,  
And keep the 'possum away.

Se dashe, borry me low;

My horn is dry, and I must die  
Whar de possum neber go.

Chorus—On! boys, carry me 'long

Farewell to de boys,  
Wid hearts so happy and light,

Dey sing a song de whole day long,

And dance de juber at night.

Farewell to de fields,

Cotton, bacco, and all;

Ise gwine to how in de blessed row

Whar de corn grows yellow and tall.

Chorus—On! boys, carry me 'long.

Farewell to de boys,

Old bridle b'nal, and de old gray hoss,

All beaten, broken, and lean.

Farewell to de dog,

Dat always followed me round;

Old Sinch'll wail and drop his tail,

When I am under de ground.

Chorus—On! boys, carry me 'long

Carry me till I die,

Carry me down  
To de buryin' groun';

Massa, don't you cry.

—  
Papa, Tell me the best way of

converting a glass of jelly into a jelly-glass?

LITTLE GIRL. Why, by eating

the jelly, to be sure.

CLOVER SEED.

JUST received and for sale by

JASPER M. WILSON.

[From the New York People's Paper.  
The Mystery of the Age.]

The subject of "spiritual manifestations" having for a long time claimed the attention of large numbers of people of the United States, we have concluded to give our readers an article on the subject, from the pen of a convert to the new faith. Of course we do not endorse his speculations. What he says, he alone is responsible for. The cases to which he alludes, are vouch'd for by many respectable witness, whose truth has never been questioned, to our knowledge.—Eds.

To the Editors of the People's Paper.—

Sirs:—Have you ever investigated the peculiar phenomena of our day, known as "spiritualism"? Or are you, like hundreds of others, stout adherents to the "humbug of the thing"? I am one of those individuals who, before I investigated the subject, turned up my nose as loftily, and puckered my lips as superciliously as any you—believing, with a condescending flourish and sympathizing smile, that the converts to the humbug were slightly touched in the head, or beautifully gauntoned by a new species of the "black art," known to the world as necromancy; which would, if brought upon the stage, make a fortune for some coming Professor Anderson. As for A. J. Davis, the shoemaker; Finney, the joiner, Ambler, the preacher; Britton, the teacher; Fishbaugh, the carpenter; Partridge, the matchmaker; Greeley, the editor; or Edmunds, the lawyer; I looked up on them as demented, and if they were not altogether prepared for an insane asylum, respectable straight-jackets might not be cumbersome to their persons. Sincere was my disbelief in the whole theory, and now as sincere in my belief. But let me give you a history of the matter, including my experience:—

A. J. Davis, in 1817, when he published his great work "Nature's Divine Revelations," stated that in a short time we should have spiritual manifestations in the land; and, sure enough, a few months afterwards the Fox girl's turned up their "raps," and an excitement was the consequence in the good city of Rochester. "Medivans" presently became thick as "leaves in Val-ambross," and soon I found that not my weak, but strong minded friends, men and women, were deeply immersed in the phenomena, and suited at my entreaties and postulations to the contrary. They told me that if I would but examine this new thing, I too would become a convert.—"Preposterous! ridiculous!" I replied: "you knocking, and rapping, and tipping, and speaking, would have but little effect on my mind"—for mind you. Messrs. Editors, I considered my reason a little more immature than theirs, and was not to be blown about by every wind of doctrine."

Another gentleman, whose name I could give, were it not that it would infringe upon the rights of hospitality. It is sufficient to say that he is now in the eighteenth year of his age, and having lost his sight and hearing, thought he had lived long enough, and resolved to commit that most terrible of crimes, suicide. He was a disbeliever in the immortality of the soul, but induced to visit a circle, where he received communications from persons dead seventy years ago! warning him not to carry out the resolution which he had inwardly contemplated. When his friends, who were present, had read the communication, they could not understand its import, until he solved the difficulty, by revealing what he had determined on.

I concluded to attend a "circle," where we convened some dozen of those whom I was in the habit of considering sensible men and women. We sat down to a table, and joining hands, remained in this position about fifteen minutes—this, I was told, to harmonize the circle—and then an interesting lady began to rap with her right hand to questions put to her mentally by those around. A Mr. Peterson, a friend of mine, presently burst into tears, for some of the raps we heard in the room were evidently from his deceased daughter, and an extremity was the consequence of this.

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